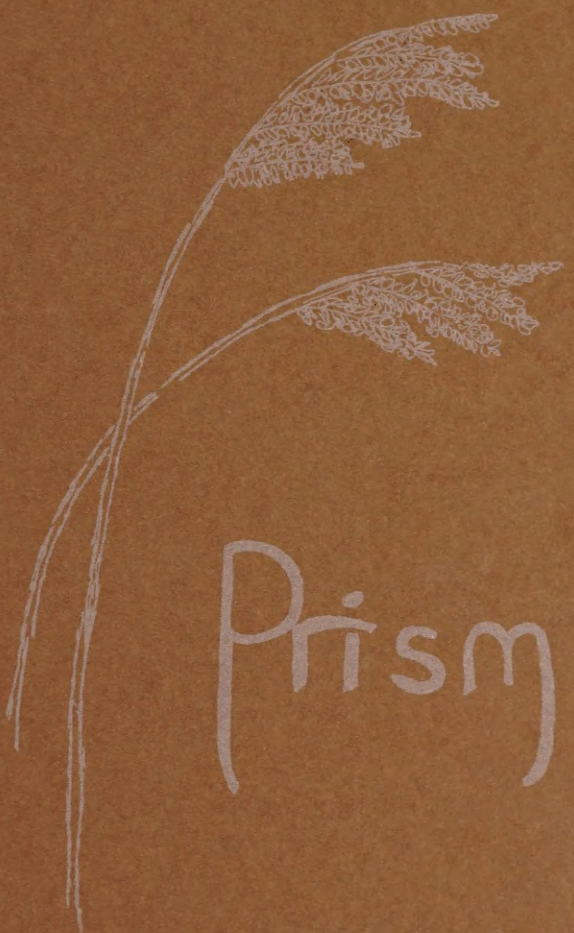

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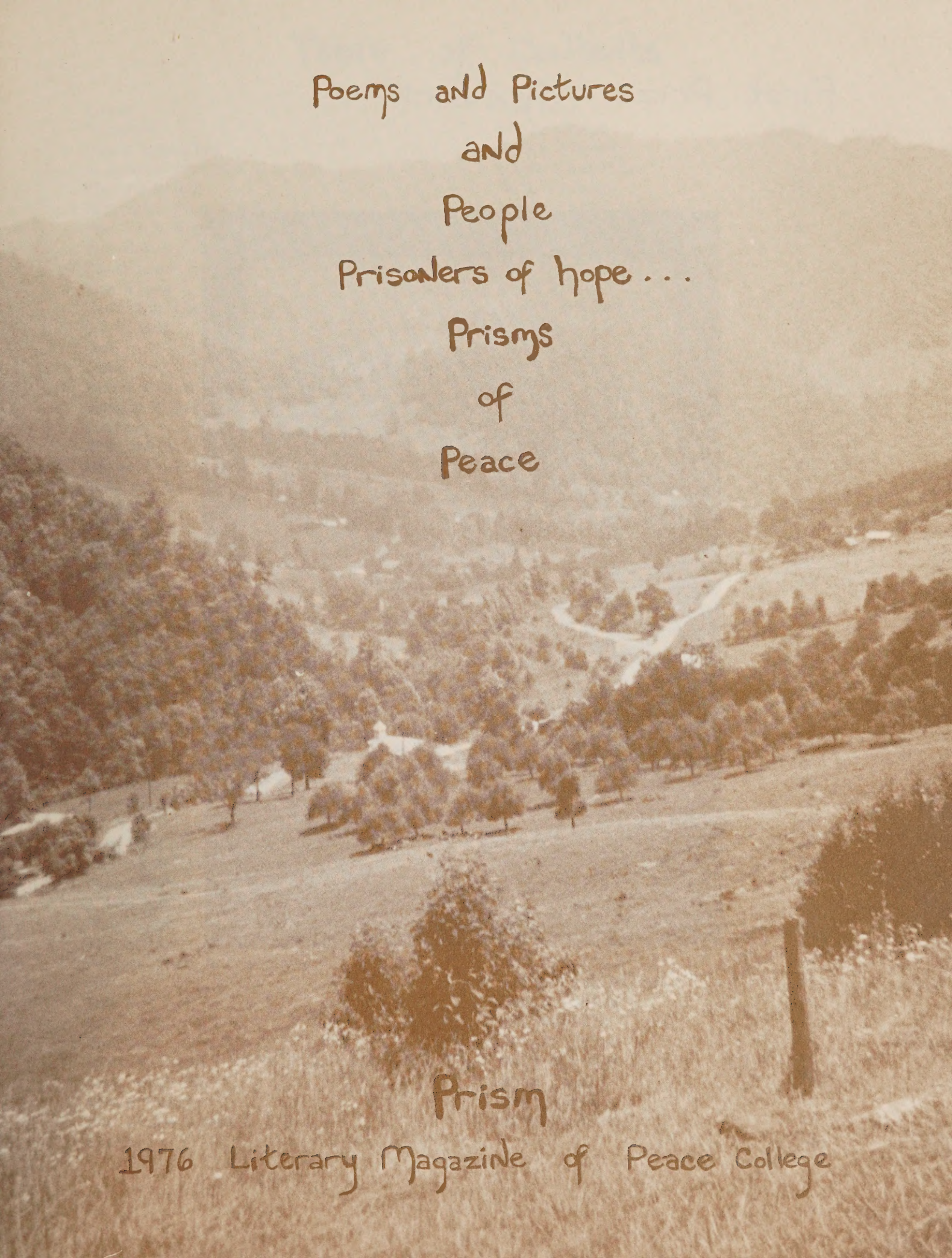

Poems and Pictures

and

People

Prisoners of hope...

Prisms

of

Peace

Prism

1976 Literary Magazine of Peace College

First Prize - Artwork

– Dolly Ervin

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Peace memories,
Stuffed -
Pocketed -
Deep within my old denim jeans.
Safe -
Until the next washing.

-Helen Johnson

A school for you
A school for me
A school that cares
A school that grows
A school then
A school now
A school whenever
That is Peace . . .
A school forever.

-Gibbs Chadwick

-Meg Revelle

THE FOUNTAIN

Springing forth
From amist - nowhere
Trickling, gently splashing down
To a leaf-like basin;
Overflowing -
Into clearness.

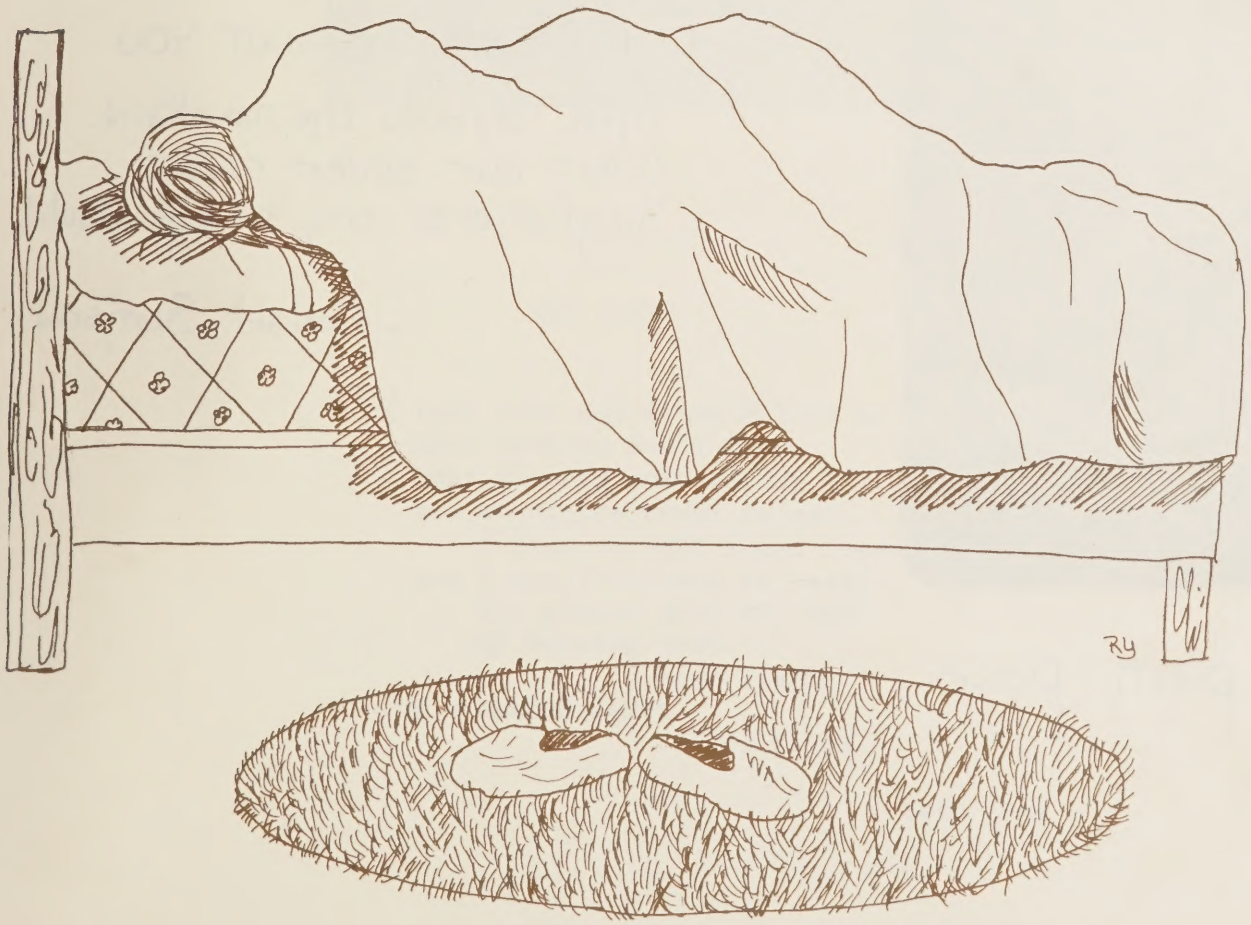
-Beth Kreeger

MIDNIGHT ROOM CHECK

A steadfast dream of a wet autumn day captured my sleep until the first morning ray. When suddenly, a ray of light flashed across my face and moved around the room in search of my mate. No longer was my dream as steadfast as before. For I knew that the end was gone forever more.

I sat up quickly and followed the ray, now on her face in her bed where she lay. I did not understand what strangers were here, peering and spying, let alone bringing fear. So as the ray diminished and the door was quietly closed, my thoughts were scattered about the room--preventing me to dose, but as I listened to the wind and opened my eyes to peep, I found myself rocking the bed, anxious to return to sleep.

-Caren Bills



THE LAST NIGHT

With vacant smile
And silent stare
I feel the darkness
Cover where
I lie in soft contentment
Dreading dawn.

Traffic fans
The passing time
Like giant bellows
Gasping -
Rasping.

-Carole Tyler

- pam pace

OUT EARLY, WITHOUT YOU

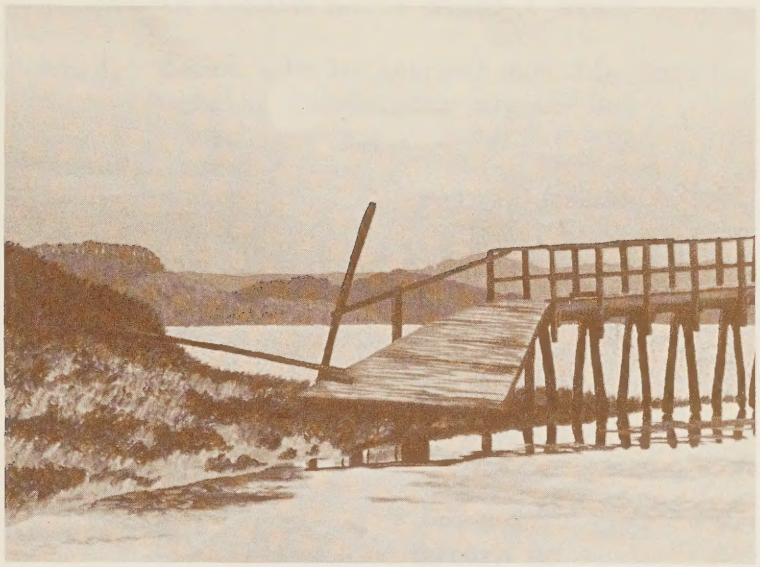
Mist shrouds the mountain.
Over our silver river
Kingfishers cry in the dawn.

- Donald Samson

SONSHINE

Morning's breath
of sunlight,
Bursting, bellowing,
rays of Jesus to my soul.

- pam pace



- Susan Lamm

THE BLAHS

I feel like God doesn't love me
that streams don't flow
that flowers only wither
and mountains never majest.
I hear no soft sweet tunes
and I don't believe in love.
But please love me, God.
My weeping eyes
need light-
My weakened heart
needs faith.

- Beth Elam

WATCHING THE WORLD

The leaves are
falling so heavily.
A blizzard of
browns
yellows and
reds.

Everything is changing
now.
I wish I had a place
Where I could stand back
and
Watch all the changes of the world
And remain untouched.

-Susan Johnson

ON GIVING

I was trying to think of something -
just right . . . to give you
while I was driving from somewhere
to another-where
late in the afternoon.
I looked over my shoulder and saw
the after-glow on the horizon
behind the black trees and thought
maybe that . . . or
Thinking of the moon and the way it
melts over the water when
there's no wind I thought
maybe that . . . or
Looking above me and seeing a
single scintillating star I thought
maybe that . . . so
I wrapped the sun glow in the moon glow
and secured it with the star,
and gave it to you in
words of Love.
Realizing that my thoughts of you then
were the greatest gifts of all.

-Emily Cooper

GEM

hints -
submerged,
blanketed
soft tears -
melting,
dripping down her eternal cheek

insisting upon her lingering memories
cradling her jeweled moments

slipping,
drifting,
fading slowly
grasping,
clenching,
struggling to secure
her ever seeming tender age

-Helen Johnson

TIME

Quilts take time to be interwoven
Fitting the different pieces into one
Strong must be the binding yarn
Withstanding the pressures of the world.

Trees take time to mature
Gaining and losing their fruit of life
In route of a heavenly goal
They extend their branches in hope.

-Anonymous

First Prize – Fiction

LA VIE PASSIONÉE OF ANNIE RUTH SMITH

"Annie, wake up! It's time for you to get ready for school. Come on, now. Get up!" urged the heavy figure hovering over a long, slender form. "Annie Ruth Smith, I don't know why you are so hard to get out of bed in the morning. If you learned to put those books down at a decent hour of the night, you might be able to get up without me having to drag you. I don't know how you stay awake long enough to go to school. You sleep all afternoon when you get out, anyway," Mrs. Smith muttered as she straightened up the bedclothes.

Under this barrage, a girl of about sixteen stirred sleepily and sat up, her myopic green eyes staring blankly with no apparent recognition of her surroundings. A blurred black shape loomed in front of her, blending into the darkness of the room. She closed her eyes and opened them again. The veil lifted. Her mother's white, creased face materialized out of the fog.

"Good morrow, mother," Annie Ruth said softly, unperturbed by the woman's cluckings and proddings.

Mrs. Smith shook her graying head. "To save my life, I don't know where you pick up some of those words you use sometimes. You act like you're in a play or something." She shuffled out, still muttering indecipherably. But she was not finished yet. From the foot of the stairs she yelled, "You'll have to get your own breakfast. I'm late for work, and if I don't get to that mill by 7:05, they're liable to fire me. Bye!"

Mrs. Smith was still talking as Annie Ruth crawled out of bed and tiptoed to a window. She stood there silhouetted in the glass, framed by the cold, gray light of a cloudy winter morning. She watched the rusty blue Falcon roll out onto the street, its back right door dented and ajar due to a minor collision three years ago. They had never had it repaired, though, using the insurance money to buy Annie Ruth a new pair of glasses and to patch up the thirty-seven-year-old furnace in the basement.

Annie Ruth sighed, turned, and walked from her room to the cold bathroom across the hall. She washed her small white face, combed through her long strawberry hair, and brushed her teeth gingerly, eager for the warmth of the kitchen. Her bare feet barely made a sound as she swished down the narrow stairway, shivering in her thin gown and robe.

In the big old-fashioned kitchen, she rummaged around absently in search of some cereal for her breakfast. She found some Banana Munchies, sat down, poured some in a bowl, and realized that she had forgotten the milk. She got back up, got the milk from the refrigerator, and tried again. Chewing

the cereal mechanically, she toyed with the glow-in-the-dark spy ring with the secret decoder that she had discovered in her cereal just in time before she ate it. As usual, Annie Ruth had been awakened this morning from her favorite dream. But she did not mind being awakened as much as she used to. Over the months she had acquired the ability to unconsciously retrace the dream to the exact point at which she had been awakened. Then she could peacefully resume until the next interruption. Before she had learned this, she would wake up at her mother's urgings in a panic, fearful that she had lost the dream forever. This fear was accompanied by a deep hostility, almost a hatred for her mother, the unwitting destroyer of dreams. Annie Ruth did not want to hate her mother. She was glad to have this mental television that she could switch on and off at will, able then to regard her mother with her previous indifference.

When the Banana Munchies were gone, Annie Ruth took her bowl to the already full sink. She gave the anemic-looking African violet on the window sill a little water, then trudged from the kitchen and up the stairs.

At the doorway of her bedroom, she stopped and scanned the interior critically. Many of the run-down Victorian houses in Annie Ruth's neighborhood had a similar small, round second story room with a facade curved gracefully around, forming an entire wall. Annie Ruth was rather proud of her room. She had decorated it herself with money given to her by her older brother as a Christmas present plus some money she had earned by babysitting and performing other odd jobs. Even then, she had had to settle for seconds brought from the discount outlet owned by the mill where her mother worked. Annie Ruth liked the furnishings anyway, simply because she owned them. She glanced approvingly at the soft crimson draperies and the low twin bed with its tapestry-like bedspread of red, green, and blue. Very Medieval-looking she mused. The overall impression was one of womb-like darkness, a warm hidingplace from the drafty bigness of the rest of the house.

Beside her bed was a little wooden bookcase crowded with books; a study lamp was perched on top. A random sampling of the titles revealed Little Women, Jane Eyre, Wuthering Heights, and the trilogy Lord of the Rings. Below these on the bottom shelf were Chretien de Troyes' Arthurian Romances, Malory's Morte d' Arthur, and the Bedier version of Tristan et Iseult. Annie Ruth pulled out Tristan et Iseult, thinking how much nicer it would be to stay curled up in here with a good book than to go to school. She shuddered involuntarily at the thought of school. It was tempting to lie right where she was and to be able to... She closed her eyes and slid easily into the dream...

* * * * * * *

"Mistress Anna, your betrothed, Sir Yvain, has just entered the gate! He is returned from the Crusades!" cried Marie, a young lady-in-waiting, flying recklessly down the hall of the manor house. From one of the chambers peeked a startled face framed with strawberry curls.

"Sweet Virgin!" the girl gasped and then called out, "Hurry then, Marie! I need help with my hair and gown." There was a whirlwind of frantic effort, hands pulling on voluminous wads of material, hair and combs flying. Anna emerged from the chamber, trying to smooth the wrinkles from her gown as well as the anxiety from her face.

"Don't worry, my lady, you look very beautiful. That new green gown makes your eyes the color of the sea," encouraged Marie as Anna hurried down the hall to meet her betrothed.

Sir Yvain was talking loudly and amiably to Anna's father, Count Guillaume de Troyes, in the greathall. Heavy tapestries hung around the thick stone walls to keep out the winter drafts. Over the huge fireplace was the family coat of arms--two white unicorns supporting a royal blue fleur-de-lis. Yvain halted in the middle of a sentence, glimpsing Anna from the corner of his eye as she came down the staircase. His blue eyes brightened considerably, seeming to shine within his face, which was tanned by the Eastern sun. He rushed across the hall, knelt before her, and kissed her hands reverently.

"You are more lovely than ever, Anna--if that could be possible."

Anna was rather surprised at his ardor, blushed, and tried to change the subject. "Perhaps absence makes the eyes grow fonder as well as the heart, Sir Yvain," she answered, "We are so happy to see you back safely from fighting the Infidel. I am sure that you have many wondrous stories about your adventures in the Holy Land."

Yvain drew himself up proudly and hitched up the jeweled sword hilt. "Then let us walk to the garden and I will tell you the tales which are fit for a lady's ears."

Count Guillaume waved them off with a knowing laugh as the couple went through the heavy oaken door into the sunlight. They walked across the courtyard to the garden which was adjacent to the sleeping chambers. Anna lifted her skirts daintily so that the scuffs of dust they raised would not settle on the silk. Peasants, dogs, and horses made a pleasing cacophony with their laughing, barking, and snorting. But once Anna and Yvain were inside the high garden wall, it was as if they had passed into a different world. Here it was cool and green, the high trees insulating the garden from the sounds outside. Anna dropped her skirts to let them trail noiselessly in the emerald green spring grass. Flowers grew everywhere, forsythia, lilac, and crabapple swayed lazily in the breeze. The sunlight dappled the grass and danced on the leaves.

"It is so good to be back home," Yvain sighed in contentment. "Nothing is more lovely than France in the springtime...except you, perhaps, Anna." He plucked a spray of lilacs from a bush in passing and stuck it rather awkwardly into the thick braid hanging down Anna's back.

"Your beauty makes these flowers look pale in comparison," he proclaimed as if he had practiced saying it many times.

"You have become quite the flatterer since you have been away, Sir Yvain," Anna remarked.

"It is only because I have been well-inspired. Come, let us rest beneath this tree and I will tell you how the knights of God destroyed the Infidel and of all the treasures we saw and brought back."

* * * * * * *

"Annie Ruth, what on earth are you doing in this bed? You're supposed to be in school!" Mrs. Smith was jostling Annie Ruth with vigor. "Wake up, girl. Are you sick or just playing hookie?"

Her daughter gradually opened her eyes with a familiar blank stare which lifted momentarily.

"I didn't feel well this morning so I didn't go to school. I'm okay now, though. I don't need a doctor or anything."

"Annie Ruth, you worry me sometimes with all your 'I don't feel good Mothers.' I'm going to take you to the doctor one of these days." Mrs. Smith's arms dropped slackly to her sides from her hips where they had been stationed in a gesture of authority. "Well, I'm going to go down and cook us a bite to eat for lunch."

Annie Ruth watched her mother leave the room. She rose from the bed, picked up Tristan et Iseult, and stood motionless, staring at the bare tree limbs outside her window as they scraped menacingly on the glass.

The next morning, Annie decided that she had better go to school if she wanted to pass the eleventh grade. She got up and dressed slowly and reluctantly, trying to make time move a bit more slowly. The Banana Munchies she ate again for breakfast tasted even more plastic than ever. Pulling on a worn, threadbare jacket, she trudged out the door, maundered down to the street corner, and waited in solitude for the bus. It pulled up within minutes, a big yellow tin can full of screaming, laughing children. It engulfed Annie Ruth with its gaping lid; her feeling of loathing grew greater and greater as the bus drew closer to the dreaded place. It pulled up in a parking area full of yelling, smoking teenagers.

"Hey, honey. Got a light?" leered an oily, pimply boy as Annie walked past on the way to the building.

"I certainly do not," retorted Annie Ruth. She pushed her way through the crowd grimly, hating them collectively.

In class, she sat rigidly in a desk, oblivious to the things going on around her. Three boys were whispering dirty jokes to one another while some pink-cheeked girls were giggling, their curls dancing, trying to pretend that they did not catch the jokes that they overheard. Annie Ruth's eyes were fixed on a crack in the wall in front of her. It ran

diagonally across the dirty, yellowish-green expanse, giving some relief to the inevitable monotony. The drone around her grew more and more faint. Then it stopped. Instead, she heard the poignant note of a shepherd's recorder and the murmur of peasants' voices floating through a window of the manorhouse...

* * * * * * *

"Lady Anna, allow me to present my dearest comrade-in-arms, Sir Phillipe de Riems. He has graciously consented to join me in the service of your father," said Yvain as they stood before the huge stone fireplace waiting to dine.

Anna bowed, her eyes somehow unable to meet the piercing black ones in front of hers. "Welcome to our table, Sir Phillipe. I pray that you will find honor and happiness here."

"I am sure that I will at least find happiness here, my lady," he said, his eyes sweeping casually over Anna's fair face and figure.

They walked to the table and took their seats, Anna beside the guest, sharing his bowl and goblet. The pages brought around the steaming trays of roast pig and duck. Talk and laughter flowed as freely as the wine. Phillipe moved closer to Anna.

"Sir Yvain tells me that you two are betrothed, my lady. I must commend him for his excellent taste. May I ask when the great event is to take place?" he asked sardonically, with an emphasis on "great event."

Anna answered hesitatntly, "It has not been decided, my lord. My father has not yet given Yvain his fief. After matters such as that have been settled, I suppose we will be married." Anna had begun to overcome her nervousness and even ventured to look him in the eyes and smile politely.

Phillipe smiled back, but his smile was not what may be called polite. "If I were Yvain, I would certainly hasten to fulfill my pledge. I am not one to leave sweet grapes on the vine. I like to pluck them and taste their sweetness before they turn bitter," he said, gesturing eloquently.

"I do not intend to become bitter, Sir Phillipe, if I interpret your charming allegory correctly," she countered, mildly shocked but, at the same time, stirred by his boldness.

"You do...and we shall see," he answered. He looked at the red and gold hair flickering warmly in the candlelight as it was bent too intently over the bread and honey. At the other end of the bowl, Anna was thinking about what fine, strong hands Phillipe had...

* * * * * * *

A bell jangled sharply. Desks rattled, feet scraped and shuffled in their haste to leave. Annie Ruth withdrew from the dream, a curious half-

smile on her dry lips. She rose and followed the others out the door to her next class.

When she got home later that afternoon, the house was, as usual, empty. Her footsteps echoed hollowly on the bare floor as she walked toward the staircase. Pausing with a hand resting on the bannister, she looked around as if straining to hear something. But there was nothing to hear except her own slow rhythmic breathing. She trudged up the stairs to her room and walked in, plopping herself on the bed. The room around her was bare except for the draperies, bed and bookcase with the dusty lamp on it. There were no posters on the walls, only cobwebs. There was no bulletin board embellished with letters and birthday cards, ticket stubs, dried remains of corsages, or other memorabilia like she had seen in other girls' rooms. There were no dolls or stuffed animals, reminiscent of younger days. There was no blaring radio--only silence and crimson-tinted shadows.

Suddenly a too-familiar putt-putt pulled into the yard below. A car door slammed. The front door slammed.

"Annie Ruth! Come help me bring in these groceries!" Mrs. Smith bellowed.

Annie Ruth walked slowly down the stairs, out the door to the car, and brought in a bag. In the kitchen, she let it drop heavily to the table.

"Watch out. Those groceries were too hard to come by to just throw down like that. Two day's work is sitting on that table. I'm glad to see you made it to school today. At least I assume you went to school, since you weren't here when I came home for lunch. How did it go?"

Silence.

"I said, how did it go at school today?"

Silence.

Annie Ruth turned from putting away the canned goods in the pantry. "I'm sorry, Mother, I guess I wasn't paying attention. What did you say?"

"I don't even remember now. Why don't you wash out your ears? Mmph, I've never seen the beat. What do you want for supper, chicken or meat loaf?"

"It doesn't matter to me. Where do you want me to put these T.V. dinners, in this freezer or in the deep freeze?"

"In this freezer. We'll eat them tomorrow night."

"Did you remember to get that shampoo I wanted?" Annie Ruth questioned hopefully.

Mrs. Smith turned to her with a grimace. "Oh, Lord, I forgot it. I'm sorry. I'll pick some up tomorrow."

Annie Ruth folded up the last bag and put it in a cabinet. "That's okay," she said, not too sympathetically. "You know, I'm not really hungry after all. I think I'll go up and take a little nap; I'm pretty tired." She walked to the sink and stopped, looking critically at the African violet on the window sill. She pulled off a few dead leaves and said, "Mother, you really should do something about this plant. It looks terrible." She walked off, leaving her mother with a naked frozen chicken in her hand, the lines around her eyes deepening.

Back in her bedroom, Annie Ruth pulled the draperies shut, took off her jeans and shirt, slid into her nightgown and then into the bed. She lay gazing into the velvety folds of the draperies, thinking what a gorgeous gown they would make...

* * * * * * *

Anna de Troyes walked swiftly down the dark hall to her chamber, her scarlet silks swishing and rustling with her movement. As she turned a corner, a hissing whisper came from behind a hanging tapestry. She whirled around and cried, "Who's there?"

Laughing softly, Phillipe stepped out of the shadows. "It is only I, fairest Anna," he said mockingly. Then in a very serious tone he added, "I am very sorry to have startled the stables in order to see to my palfrey. She was quite winded this even'. Now I am all confused as to where the main door is. And it seems that everyone else has retired."

Anna was not at all sure he could be trusted, but he sounded sincere enough. She could at least point him in the right direction.

"Follow me," she instructed him stiffly.

As they wound through the manor Anna was very conscious of his presence behind her, so close she could hear his heavy breathing. Finally they reached the greathall and stopped in front of the fireplace, filled with red coals that smoldered darkly.

"The stables are out that door, to yonder side of the wall," she said, pointing. Her heart leaped as Phillipe moved close to her. She sensed that she had better leave him immediately or she would not leave at all.

"Good night, Sir Phillipe. I pray that you sleep well." She turned and began to walk away, but before she had completed two steps, he had caught her arm, whirled her around, and pulled her roughly to his chest. She opened her mouth to protest, tried to wriggle out of his embrace, but he merely drew her more closely against his chest. Anna could taste the wine that Phillipe had been drinking; she felt the heat of his body through the layers of cloth and leather. Her eyes were open wide with surprise; his were sleepily closed while his hands flowed langourously over her back. When she jerked away at last, she sputtered breathlessly, "What do you think you are doing? You are supposed to be Yvain's friend, yet you

embrace his betrothed as if she were a whore. You will let me go if you wish to remain in the hospitality of this house!"

"My, what strong words fly from those tender lips," laughed Phillipe, looking down at the flushed face glaring up at him. "I can see by your eyes that you do not mean a word you say. And I have told you before that I do not leave sweet grapes on the vine, my lovely Anna."

"You are a thief and a rogue!" she spat.

"And you are most charming when you lie. Come now, put away this childish pretense. I tend to believe that we have very much in common."

Anna could think of no other appropriate response, so she stood stiffly against his chest.

"Can you not yield a little more than that?" he asked, and he planted another kiss on her lips, this time more gently and slowly. Anna seemed to melt like wax; her hands went involuntarily around his neck, clinging limply to him.

"That is much better," he said hoarsely when they disentangled. "You learn quickly. Let us go where it is less conspicuous. To your chamber, perhaps?"

Anna nodded mutely, her heart pounding almost in her mouth. They slipped noiselessly, hand in hand, through the manor. Once inside her chamber, Anna locked and bolted the door. She rested her forehead against its coolness, trying to clear her mind of its fever. She felt Phillipe's eyes burning hotly and expectantly into her back. Turning around slowly, she found herself staring into two black and burning pools of darkness which enveloped her...

* * * * * * *

"Annie Ruth, wake up! Supper's ready. I want you to try to eat something," urged Mrs. Smith.

The girl looked up at the face bending over hers. Her puzzled gaze took in the room around her. A lanquid hand rubbed the sleepy eyes. "Who are you?" she asked.

"What do you mean, 'Who are you?' You needn't worry about who I am. You just get on up and eat your supper," answered Mrs. Smith with some impatience.

The girl shook her head slowly. "But I do not understand. Where is Marie? Are you a new servant?"

"What on earth are you talking about, Annie Ruth?"

She lifted her chin and replied haughtily, "You are mistaken, madame. My name is not Annie Ruth. My name is Anna de Troyes."

-Rose Young

SUMMER SOLSTICE

Showers instead of baths
Prell shampoo and baby powder
Sunshine, pools, and bathing suits
The beach.
Bumble bees, lightning bugs
And screened porches, sand dunes
Boats and blistered noses
Barefeet.
Grandparents, cousins
Sunday afternoons, picnics
Cut-off jeans and flip flops
Daisies.
Old jokes and laughter
Friends, ice cream cones
Old ghost tales and long talks
Sandcastles.
Friday nights, love songs
Warm breezes, full moons
Falling stars and oceans
Love.
Ah! Summer.

-Susan Byrum

-Sheree Williams

SUMMER

and the still wet honeysuckle heat
drapes from the pines,
quail whistling in the pale haze
of tobacco and soybeans
even as midday
wilts in the sun.

– Donald Samson

– pam pace

AFTERMATH

Looking out over the porch
after last nights tempest
I saw the still angry sea
had settled a bit
but an east wind was still
whipping the silvery hair
of the irritable waves
as they bent their heads
in sheilding their eyes
from the piercing sun
whose brightness caused them to trip
and tumble angrily to shore

-Emily Cooper

SWEET REVENGE

Etch, if you will,
your name upon my heart.
So that in the middle of its breaking . . .
it will tear you apart.

-Betty Hoover

- Susan Belcher

BUDS OF LOVE

We were like two flowers in a field
   You - spreading your vine to entangle my stems
Before I knew it, I was in bondage with your roots,
   blooming forth into new buds of love
      Suddenly winter appeared
Sprinkling frost over our creations
You broke off to hide beneath the straw of safety.
   I died.

-Lisa Van Story

JEALOUSY

I treasure you
like my unique antique
glass box—

I do Not
appreciate
other people's fingerprints
on my treasured
glass box
or
on you.....
— Adair Gibson

EMOTIONS

Love -
Share it.
Smile -
Use it.
Happiness -
Discover it.
Hate -
Demolish it.
Frown -
Bury it.
Sorrow -
Delete it.

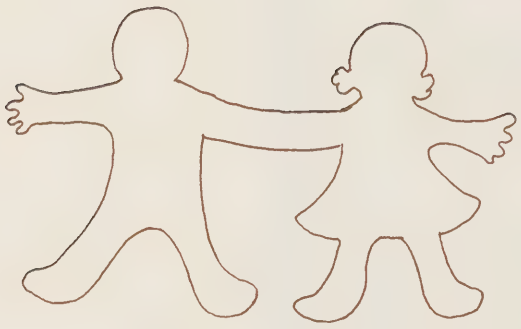
-Leanne Sandifer

THE HELIUM BALLOON

You blew me up and up
  like a helium balloon
Attaching me to your string-then showing me
  the freedom of flying!
I soared above the trees
  floating in contentment
Knowing that I was strung to you,
  Then came that vivid steeple
that I had not expected -
        Pop!

-Lisa Van Story

him



snipped,
shaped
scissor happy

cutting,
coniving,
conjuring my imagination

developing,
denoting
paper into my dream mate

wishing,
wanting
my paper doll reality

-Helen Johnson

LONELINESS

I cross
the dust-bitter road
To a parched field of grass, where
there sways a
Crusted aging tree
with it's branches groping
Towards the sky.

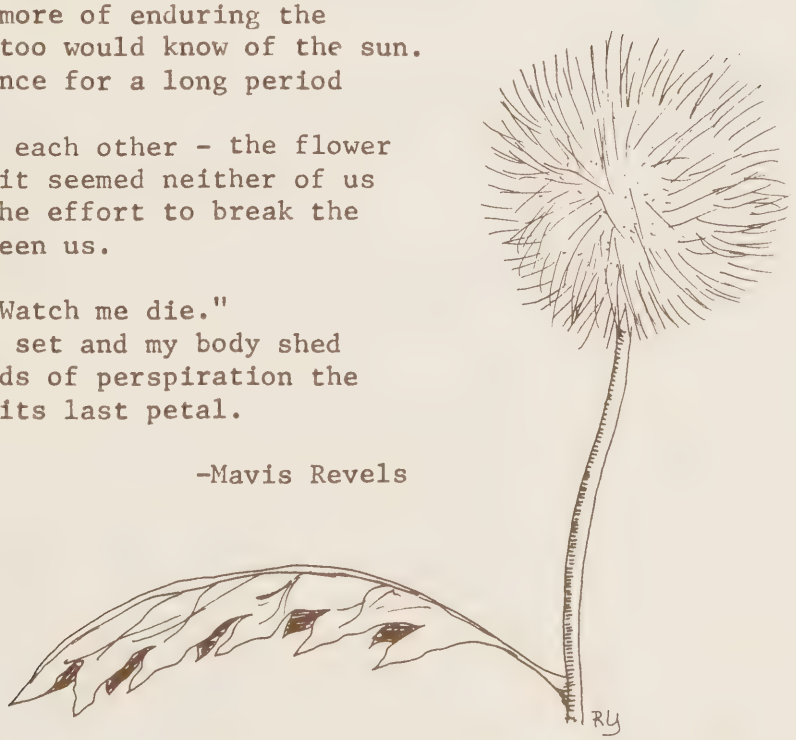
Creeping near it
I reach to touch it with my
Thoughts,
but it cannot respond.

-Laura Craven

CONVERSATION

I said it was hot
and the dandelion replied that I
had not known the sun long enough
to judge whether or not, when or not,
it was hot.
I considered laughing at his semi-rhyme
but thought more of enduring the
day, then I too would know of the sun.
There was silence for a long period
of time.
We didn't know each other - the flower
and I - and it seemed neither of us
would make the effort to break the
silence between us.
Then he spoke,
"Watch me die."
And as the sun set and my body shed
its last beads of perspiration the
flower shed its last petal.

-Mavis Revels



mamma's little girl

she is peaches and cream
every boy's dream
maybe
she is peroxide
running to hide
from reality
she is pretense
fishing for compliments
but why?
she is a stranger
a rearranger
doesn't know who she is
she is thursday night's smell of pot
playing the role of someone she is not
confused, insecure
she is totally unaware
a "hopeless" virgin she tries to declare
one night stands comfort her
she is a crippled dependent
lacks sight of independence
artificial is her smile
she is mamma's little girl
helpless, crying beneath electric made curls
having fun, obnoxious folly

tomorrow is threatening
what lies under make-up and booze,
padding, expensive array, ninety pairs of shoes
and behind mamma

she is every party's life
but hasn't really life
just having a lot of fun
having fun
fun . . . but none.

-Kathy Butler

When I was young
I dreamed of worlds
I'd like to conquer
And things I'd like to change.
But now that I am older
I wish I'd left
Some things
Alone.

-Angie Birdwell

TREEHOUSE

On three lean pines
The contruction loomed
Day by day
Boards were added,
Attention given,
The last nails were pounded in.
The proud builder
Brought her friend
Who purred and purred
Showing his contentment.
They came each day
And laughed and played
Till one day
She grew too old.

-Tana Fryer

TEA PARTY

Her eyes move up and down
Questioning
Looking
Speaking
Bonnet and booties
gingham and pinafore
yellow and white, hold me tight
My bed companion the first dozen years
Then she got tired of me growing up
and went to visit her
antique attic associates:
Barbie and Ken, Baby Tenderlove.
I'm sure they had a nice little party with
tea and cookies, plastic place settings,
torn teddy bears, and games with
half the parts missing
Above the living room and
grown-up parties.
Its good to have you
back in the hall
Little doll
Little girl
Me.

-Meg Revelle

LAUGHTER

It could soar lightly through the air,
And yet be so heavy that it crushed life.
But believing enough to hold on to,
It could bring you sorrow,
And in an instant wisk away the pain of
life.

-Harriet Blackwelder

HAPPY DAYS

Look at me
and I'll let you see
How happy I am
because of you

Many yesterdays
filled with many tomorrows
of me being
with you

Even though we live
in different towns
You're always with me
in my heart you can be found

Life is so fun
when you're with the one
you love . . .
The one you love

-Jeannie Teague

One flower. One thought. One memory. Cast into the shadows of the forgotten past. As the sun is rising on the fresh fallen morning, I look through the cracked and broken window and think back, back, into time, back when . . . . . .when times were good and friends were real and true. They didn't talk about you when your back was turned or condemn you and look down upon you if there was a difference of opinion. They would, at least hear you out; and try to reason with their thoughts. They were not always right, and would admit if they found themselves to be wrong. Your friends would stand up for you when someone tried to belittle you; they were not afraid of what others might say. They cared. That was back when. This is now, the present, and I guess things are just not like they used to be. I suppose the window was like that. A completely flawless pane of glass, unmarred in any way. But with age, growth, and maturity, the once perfect pane has cracked and broken. I can remember back when I could look out of the window and everything, even the flower would seem beautiful and exactly in place. But now my view is somewhat distorted and the flower looks lonely.

-Lucy King

You my love, still will dwell
forever in my mind, body,
and soul.

Nothing can separate us now,
for we have something that
cannot and will not be destroyed.

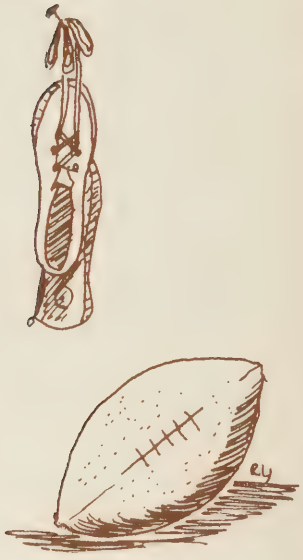
The time we had was somewhat
wasted through foolish shouts
and angry reputes. This is gone
and will never be again.

I want you to reach out and
grasp happiness and inner
peace for yourself and through
this, I too, will obtain some peace.

-Jenny Jordan

AGAINST THE ODDS

When you took me
I was a child.
I giggled in the wrong places,
skipped instead of walked,
built sandcastles in my dreams.
I knew little of the ways of boys,
or football,
or track.
I was a little girl,
In tennis shoes and eyelet lace.



When you took me
You were practically a man.
You walked with long, slow strides,
kissed with warm experience,
dedicated yourself with vast determination
You knew little of the ways of girls,
or hoping,
or loving.
You were a young man,
In Lacoste shirts and a sporty car.

When you took me
people laughed.
They said we were an unlikely match.
But somehow in the middle
of you,
and me,
we found the warmth,
the beauty,
the love,
that is us.

-Betty Hoover

FOR REAL

Love didn't come to me
in tux and bright orchids
or on Saturday nite moonbeams
implanted in summer thrills.
It did not come in charm and roses
or whipped cream whims,
I wasn't swept -
I didn't fall -
Love came in time - with
smooth times and mellow joys
And tender moments with you.

-Beth Elam

A. M.

Glancing at the sunrise
I wrote a poem of life
Between the grains of sand.
While turning to leave
The tide washed across the pages
Erasing my thoughts.

-Beth Kreeger

— Bettie Thompson

DESERTED BEACH

All the pipers have disappeared
They left this solitary beach
all to me.
I'm not sure where they've gone?

The sea, my inner destiny - beckons me.
The rippling waves, the salty mist
And the endless sand.
Coax me to stay here - forever.

But like the pipers
I too must leave -
To find, what destiny?

-Susan Johnson

Special Merit - Poetry

ODE ON A PERSIAN RUG

I have a magic carpet
Loomed with velvety pile
Shorn from the backs of Persian sheep
Which dot a dun-colored hillside.
Its dusky dyes of muted crimson, gold, and
Blue swirl and twirl
In flowing arabesques.
Cockatoos and orchids inhabit
This 9 x 12 world,
Forever paralyzed before
The next petal falls
Or the peacock refolds
Its iridescent plumes,
If I look very closely,
Blurring the outlines,
I see the silhouette
Of a topaz maiden
Smiling softly, coyly
To an unseen suitor,
An imperceptible movement tinkling
Her golden bangles and bracelets
Like chimes in the wind.
A tawny gazelle,
She turns,
Walking deeper into the tangled jungle,
Leaving me outside
Straining to see
What lies beyond the weave . . .

Suddenly the spell breaks,
The blurred, sinuous lines
Snap sharply back in place.
I see nothing but dust
And ground-in mud.
I sigh . . .
Then rise to fetch the broom.

-Rose Young

CAPE LOOKOUT: WITH THE CHILDREN

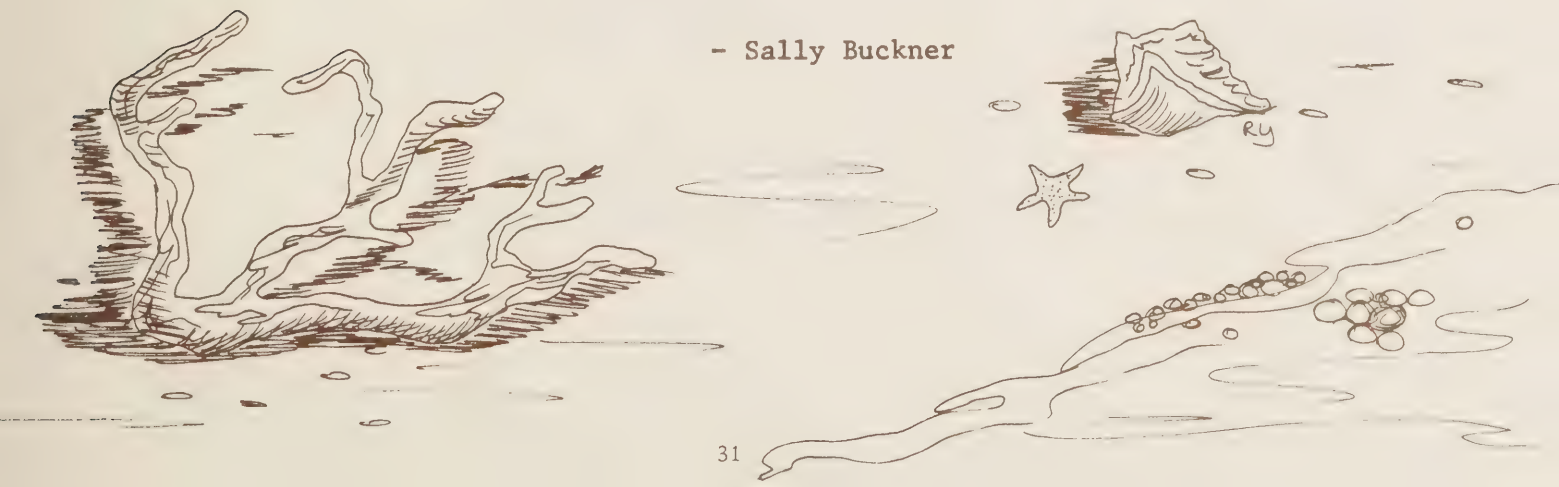
I. Reverie
Going east was easy that afternoon:
sun and wind behind,
warm prods at our backs
as we wandered at water's edge,
bare feet denting, dimpling
salt-washed sand.

I searched the shore for shells,
scooping sea-treasure into pocket, jacket,
handbag and scarf,
a varied trove of lovelies:
polished lavender petals of coquina;
scallops, spread like ladies' ivory fans;
one flawless whelk, bigger than both my hands:
inside, porcelain pink as a baby's ear,
swirling into itself; outside, white
rippling to rose, to brown, to charcoal, spiraling
over a ridged belt to an intricate crown.

Further along the shore, Ted and April
played tag with foaming waters, Lynn
hunted horseshoe crabs, while Joy
collected craggy chunks of oyster and clamshell.
It was October,
and wind whispered autumn.

II. Return
Coming back was something else:
wind flinging, stinging sand into our faces;
sun multiplying on every curve of water,
every swell of dune, millions of suns
stabbing our eyes with steel-sharp points of light.
Joy had no dark glasses (does Joy ever?);
I offered shadow as shelter, pulling her close
to my back, my middle obstructing the scattershot sand,
absorbing the merciless multiplied spears of sunlight.
I shortened my stride; she stretched to match my steps.
Ah, it was strange
plowing the deep white sands of the Outer Banks,
October in my blood, Joy in my shadow.

- Sally Buckner



A SECOND THOUGHT

You, with your boyhood blues,
your stolen shoes
Your cowboy eyes could tell no lies.
Your vagabond days
Your clubhouse ways
I feel too old for your schoolboy soul.

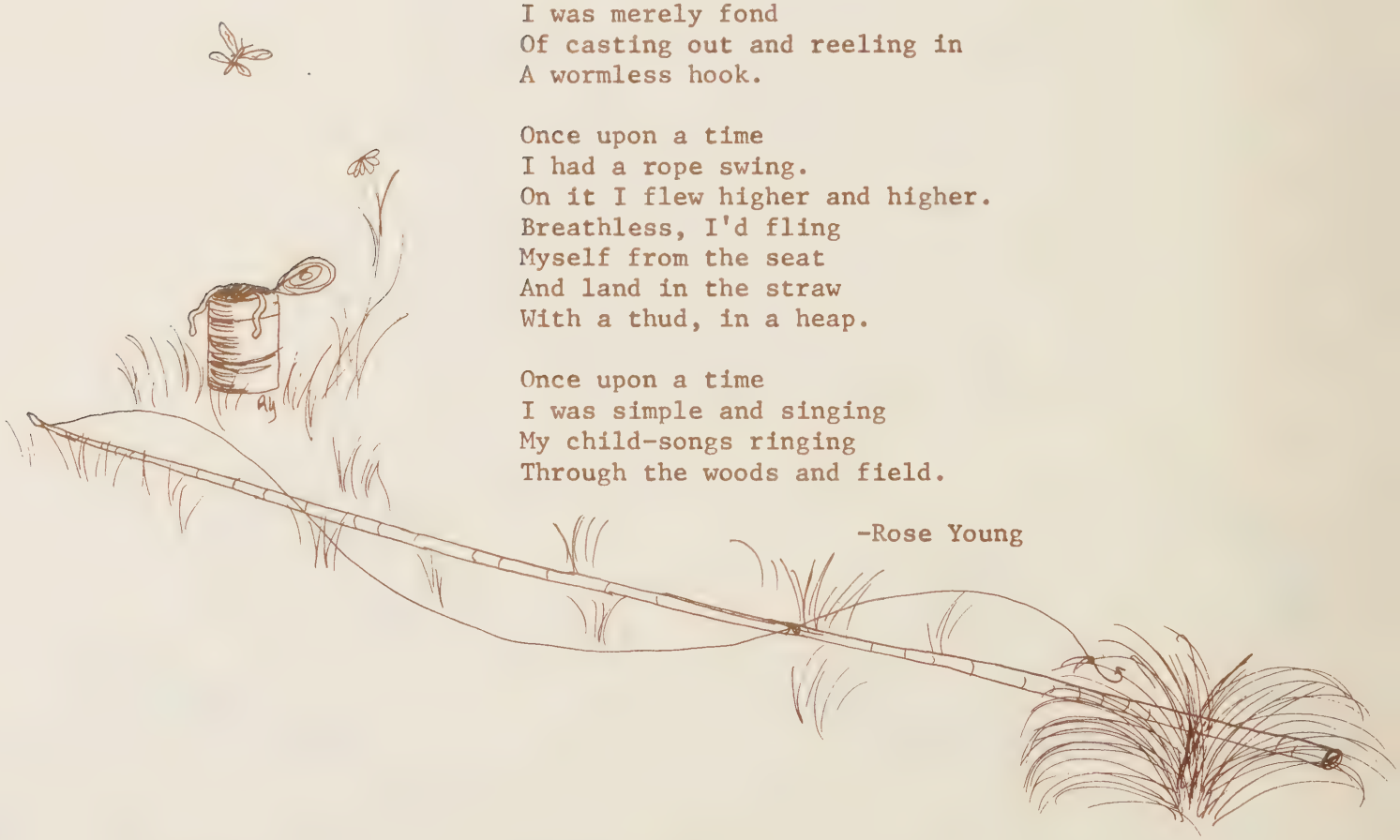
-Mary Norwood

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time
I picked wild scuppernongs
From the vine
Which twisted snakily around
The high trees and low ground.

Once upon a time
I waded knee-deep in leaves
Each layer an autumn younger
Than the crackling layer beneath.

Once upon a time
I'd fish in the pond
Never catching a thing.
I was merely fond
Of casting out and reeling in
A wormless hook.



Once upon a time
I had a rope swing.
On it I flew higher and higher.
Breathless, I'd fling
Myself from the seat
And land in the straw
With a thud, in a heap.

Once upon a time
I was simple and singing
My child-songs ringing
Through the woods and field.

-Rose Young

THE NEED

Don't try to harness the energy of my
sun
For then I can't shine forth
to those in need
Casually bask your body in my rays
Accept the warmth that freely flows
But don't try to harness the energy of my
sun
Or surely the winter will freeze us
over.

-Lisa Van Story

First Prize - Poetry

SCENES FROM A TREEHOUSE

Perched on a plank of wood
in a treehouse overlooking
a snake-shaped stream.
Wind blows olive-colored leaves
closer to my bare legs.

You are twenty-six feet away from me
That oblivious stare slithers up the ladder -
closer to me now
Yet, you really haven't seen me, have you?
Maybe it was the sun that blocked your view.

Your body is limp and pale
your shirt-tail hangs out
longer than mine.
My face is sunburnt
my heart is parched.

-Meg Revelle

SNOW

Late in November
Tiny nuggets of white fluff
Lavished the greens at Peace
With its first winter coat of the season

RAIN

Raindrops tickle tiny flowers
Raindrops tickle what the sunshine
makes a desert
Raindrops tickle me into growing
A tiny flower trying to bud

JOY

On a crisp November afternoon
Easter renewed itself to the world
A lily bloomed the joy
In a churchyard
In downtown Raleigh

-Jenny Lynn Miller

- Susan Johnson

FOR ME

Through the stars,
and the moon,
and the sky,
I see God.

Through God,
I know, and understand
you,
as I attempt to comprehend
myself.
For you are the luminance of the stars,
the twilight of the moon,
the foretelling sky to me.

You see,
knowing God created all that
is comely in the universe,
So perfectly balanced,
So crystalline pure,
So lavishly fruitful,

I know God created,
You.

-Laura Craven

— Sue Patterson

MIGRATION

I'm glad I found you.
I was a penguin waddling
around in the snow - on the
frigid tip of the earth.
You were a defroster who
helped me permanently excuse
myself to the greened lush
of the Equator.

-Meg Revelle

MONUMENT

Pre-fabricated Sand Castle
Designed by Dixie Cup
Monument to Method Madness
I will set you free.

-Carole Tyler

HARVEST TIME

Dusty gold and tarnished yellows
Barren brown with grasses gray
The web embraces light together
Lest I should sleep
Lest I decay

— Mary Norwood

COME WITH ME

Come with me to the wheat fields
We will play all the day
In the sun-colored ocean
That ripples like
The muscles in a strong, tanned back.

Come with me and we
Will run like madmen
Laughing and singing,
Our skin whipped lightly
In our dash through the grain.

Come with me and we
Will sail on the tide of
The Indian summer moon,
Red as young blood
And burning like a coal
Against the ash grey night.

Come with me and we
Will lie softly down
On the day-warmed loam
Covered by a curtain of gold-spun wheat,
Sleeping till the harvesters come.

-Rose Young

WHOLE WHEAT

Golden grain
Come to me
Scatter and spill
dampened dust
uncut kernels

Sift flour
Ooze between my
kneading fingers
straight to soul
Touch, taste, smell

Rise yeast, rise
Pillsburied puffs
and levened dreams
shape you
Rise again, my friend

Let's bake you
Bread of life
Bake you brown
as the earth
Sweet as the sun

Whole loaf Now
Ready to be eaten
With homeade jam
Come
Joyous, digestion!

— Meg Revelle

Special Merit - Poetry

The storm comes quietly,
Unheeded by the land.
It needs no invitation,
The tiller understands.

He understands the why of rain,
The absolute of sun,
The reasons found for weeping,
When the aftermath is done.

-Mary Norwood

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But most of all, we are grateful for you - the contributors. Within these pages we reflect ourselves and through this, we can always treasure the times we have shared here. Let us forever be

PRISONERS OF HOPE . . . PRISMS OF PEACE